

3 1960 01043182 1



ST. ANDREWS COLLEGE LIBRARY

Ronald H. Bayes

CHILD OUTSIDE MY WINDOW . . . and other poems

ST.
ANDREWS
COLLECT.
PS
3503
.A953
C5

ear press book

\$1.00

"Bayes is ON— and OFF! moving, I mean."—Aram Saroyan

"Mr. Bayes is, I note, an Oregonian by birth and training. His writing is very clean. and certainly seems as concentrated as a good deal of William Carlos Williams, the father image of us all . . . The lyric or rhapsodic mode is difficult to pull off in an age like this with everybody attending college, seeing the world, and otherwise losing very early the sense of wonder—except in retrospect."—Ron Spicer.

"Bayes interests me; he's got a vivid sense of presentation."

—H. B. Chapin

CHILD OUTSIDE MY WINDOW

. . . and other poems

by

Ronald H. Bayes

Printed in the United States of America by the Bear Press, La Grande,
Oregon, this edition of CHILD OUTSIDE MY WINDOW is hand set
in 8 point Corona type by Jane Lorgenson La Grande, Oregon,
and is limited to 150 signed and numbered copies of which this copy
is number

141.

A handwritten signature in blue ink, reading "R.H. Bayes", with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

Copyright, 1965
by Ronald H. Bayes

Believes what he knows,
The horse has large eyes
Man's virtue his feelings,
His heart treasures his tongue, certain
That a yes means no no,
What else is happiness . .

—Louis Zukofsky

BY THE SAME AUTHOR:

DUST & DESIRE, 1st ed., 1960
(introduction by Vic Flack).

DUST & DESIRE, 2nd ed., 1962
(introduction by William Carlos Williams).

PAINT THE WINDOW PURPLE, 1963
(with silk screens by Marvin Saltzman).

AN EVENING WITH EZRA POUND, 1963.

CAGES & JOURNEYS, 1934.
(introduction by Edward F. James).

HISTORY OF THE TURTLE, Book I, 1964.

HISTORY OF THE TURTLE, Book II, 1965.

"IN SPITE OF HOI BARBAROI, E.P.," 1965.

CHILD OUTSIDE MY WINDOW, 1965.

AN EVENING WITH WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS, in progress.

A PREFATORY NOTE

This small gathering of verse is irregular in form due to the fact that the several poems were written over a period of eight years. I did not attempt to change them from the forms in which they originally appeared in print in various magazines. If it holds together as a gathering it does so because the leitmotif is a consideration of that multifaceted series of emotions we tag with the single term "love." I seem to recall that Mark Van Doren once wrote that he considered all of his poems, in one way or another, love poems. This well may be true of most writers of verse.

RB, LaGrande. 12/28/64

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS: Some of these poems have appeared in ETCHINGS, TRACE, PENNY POEMS of AMARILLO COLLEGE, PALIMPSEST, POETRY PARADE, SOUTH & WEST, and THE UNIVERSITY OF PORTLAND REVIEW, and to those publications and their editors acknowledgement is gratefully made.

To

FLORENCE COCHRAN

Trú, sem fjöll flytið

og farartalma

Thrand ur thjóthgotu;

silfurnamu

metur'sem'morgungull.

(Gudmundur'Fridjonsson)

CHILD OUTSIDE MY WINDOW

The child outside my window howls;
Crying is so like laughter—
The child outside my window attests this
And shifts as quickly to my
Bachelor ear as geared machinery.

At first, compassion.

Then, by God, I'm irked;

This stupid inconsistency!

He should indeed be

Jerked quite harshly

Upright by his

Careless mother!

Yet, yet I stay, and then

One half-formed thought sneaks past

Of how fast loves pass by,

And then no choice but weep,

Soon or at last, be lost or caught.

The noisy, inconsistent child

Outside my window vouches,

Shifting so irksome fast these intonations.

RECONSIDERATION

The lover of
that other summer
came to visit me
 'Can't we resume? at
 least a while?'

Now what retort
can you make
to a thing
like that?

And outside the sun
is high . . .
 air right cushion
for a joyous cry.

SONG FOR SUSAN R.

Huddle, protect the dream
Though lost's all song.

Strangle the swine that
Killed the downy bird.

We'll use his bones and
Have percussion yet.

FOUR YEAR OLD

Teddy bear

and a stick

behind c'lump-weed and wild rye

he charges the evils of

the world.

NON-SEASONAL

Passing
how talk about
the full heart the
tears
of emotion
upsurge
of
& toward (passing)
undefinables in, as Merrill
said, an age of quantification,
hurry,
& I have . . . " & I . . . I . . . I."

Maudlin they'll say
these hopes (homely) of
felicitas, puritas, humanitas
need thru
to music of the precise
word. chord. kiss. touch. coloration.
Correlation.
How ta'k about, as into or out of
blending?

It is here,
even here
the oasis is
this single tree.

DEFENDER OF THE FAITH: FORT CARSON

Sd the 17 yr.-old soljer
to a crowd of 2
openmouthed U-kiah farm boys
sittin
in the guardhouse betwixt postwalkins
(he from ruddy Montana),
 “Whin ah git home,
ahm gunna lay
all day long . . .

 “An mah wahf’ll mooover
 laigs like this
 !”

“Nahl say whin she wantsta
moove
‘Stay hyer nahll maka boy
t’nite!’ . . .

 “But ah’ll fool ’er
 . . . yew know how
 kuz ah kaint afford
 iny keeds yit.”

ARMADAS

(In memorium, Carrie Nessley)

I.

Now I look back, indeed,
Over these six years
Since your distinguished death
Wondering still on a strange union.
Spiritus.

There was no reason for it.
Wild and wandering in mind
I was as that odd child
That I am now
You, aging and distinguished
In frugal and demanding unrequest
Upon your children, isolated,
Could well have put me off
And holed in saddening state.
But, ah where the reactionary
Comes in heart in most
The open wide of purp'e double lilac
Was in yours.

While many, hard on eighty
Are pathetic, you were just
This side of vanity and lovely, proud
Grew less demanding when I more
In cries for action met, to such a gnat degree
Your so small need, and we,
Grandmother. grew a few small dragons
Which were different as
Were we whose hearts
Asked not philosophy, but
Just a mite of Different.

II.

Telephone replaces home when you have none.

III.

I hated your conservative tisk
Until the blossom of a life was clear
And it became intake of hyacinths
And for perhaps the first in not the on'y time I
Used a little equals sign and passed the
Only mathematics test I ever did
Or wanted to.

SEASONAL SONG

Even if we were but ten
tears apart
we were a heart's whirl
beyond mind's measure:
ten years apart though, too?
Greater, my dear, than by foot
foot by foot
apart
across three centuries,
across, maybe, ten thousand worlds.

Apart.
Part.
A part.
A part apart.
Part part apart.
Pare a heart.
Pair a heart.
A part pare.
A part core.
Apart pair.
Apart core.
Core apart.
A part.
Core's heart.
Course heart!
(Coarse heart!)
Heart's hart in season;
hart's heart, in season.

Here merely I end—
why, dear one, did you start?

LINES FOR THE TIME

I sd to
 my barber
“I am trying to
grow bald
 gracefully”
& he sd
“There aint no such thing.”

 & I sd
 “I know it
but I want to try ANYWAY
& that is what makes
Democracy great.”
“Yeh” he sd
“So I SHALL leave it long
on top
Mr. Jefferson.”

THE MATTER HAS BEEN SUFFICIENTLY

(for Stetson)

Constipated
academicians
upholding
MLA traditions
— thrusting ahead by open stack
probe & research Kerouac—nevertheless
not citing Jack
the way he goes — but, rather, “John.”

The art is long.

SONG OF CLEMENT WOODBINE

(for Jack Evans w/high regard)

In the room the professor comes & goes
ta'king high drama, teenage prose.
Let us go then, thee & me
when the system cries "martini,"
not "hot tea,"
let us go through certain sweaty-smelling halls
to lands where, huge & green, the olive falls—
falls a-p'unking into Seagram's Golden Gin,
& the man who plunks it always wears a grin,
& leave forever methods & the question
whether books reviewed by kiddies bear suggestion
that could lead, could lead, could lead
to preg/nan/see
or a runaway teenager on a spree,
or a fit of uncontro'led agitation that could
sap away the vigor of the nation.

In the room the principal comes & goes,
a-talking merit pay & picking nose.

& wd it have been worth it, after all,
to have told, yes to have told the bitter truth?
—that it's better when it's dry than with Vermouth?

(1963)

O ABOUT IT

(Six lines for Bill & Dorothy Stafford)

On the signing of letters it can be said
that where I come from we
all sign our letters
“love”
because failing like who doesn’t
we try to, nevertheless, to.

